

The Daily Herald.

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NO. 22.

MAN SEEN IN THE JAIL.

PLANNING HIS CRIME.

Beginning Had to Be made somewhere, and He Selected the Most Prominent Capitalist.

NEW YORK, July 24.—[Special.] Evening paper publishes the following interview with Bergmann, would be assassin of Frick, had been in jail at Pittsburg. The prisoner first refused to say a word, retired sullenly to the rear of the cell. Then he returned, folded his arms on his breast and answered:

"Why should I speak to reporters? You are all the slaves of the press. I know what I have done and why I did it, but what does it matter to you? If I say anything to you you don't like, you will not print it. When you hear me you will write a long article about me, no matter if I say a word. I don't care for anything."

The reporter addressed him in German. The prisoner said in good English: "You'll understand me and I'll talk to you if you do not ask me too much."

Before the reporter could ask a question he came close to the bars and asked eagerly: "Is he yet?"

"Frick is still alive," the reporter said. "His wounds may not be mortal."

An expression of disappointment came into his face as he answered: "Very sorry. I thought he would be dead now."

"But did you shoot him for?"

"What did I shoot him for? Ha, that's a nice question to ask. You know any person in this world who is better or the purer than I have lived? I can find many more whom he has made miser-able."

Out in Homestead the people will soon be suffering the pangs of hunger. Frick's thousands of workers are now idle because they can not return to work without sacrificing their self-respect."

Whose fault is it? Mr. Frick's. Six workmen were murdered last week; who killed them? Frick. Does such a man deserve to live? He is a dog, and he should die. I wanted to kill him, and I am ready to die for it. I suppose you are going to describe me as an anarchist. Well, say what you like; it can not affect me. Do you live in Pittsburg?"

"Oh, no; I simply came here to see Frick. It was not an accident. I have no hesitation in telling you that, and it did not come into my mind all in an instant. I asked myself: Is it worth while to sacrifice my life to kill Frick? I decided yes. I was only one and my death would be nothing at all compared with the happiness of the thousands of workers who would be free in my memory."

Why did you want to kill Mr. Frick rather than other rich men?"

"Oh, well, a beginning had to be made somewhere, and, besides, Frick was more prominent just now as an oppressor of the poor than any other capitalist in the country. Oh, how happy I would be to know that he is dead. Do you understand. I wanted to kill Frick. I came here to do so. I am sorry I did not kill him at once. Now I want him to die."

"Did you intend to explode the cartridge you had in your mouth if you were caught?"

"That's hard to say. I wanted to have it with me, as I did not know what would happen to me at the hands of the capitalists. I had no immediate intention, though, of killing myself. I was not going to do it least before I was sure that Frick was dead."

ANOTHER TALK WITH BERGMANN.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 24.—The criminal riddle in the central police station stated to-day that when he was ready (which would not be until after his transfer to the county jail) he would make a written statement for the associated press, and until then he would decline to answer any question. He whistling a sentimental air with some accuracy when the correspondent was admitted to the calaboose.

People who remember the appearance of Maxwell, the murderer of Preller, can form an accurate impression of him by making the most more Semitic. He is a slight built wiry looking youth 22 years old near sighted, and wearing glasses. His most peculiar feat is the mouth which is large and has two curious flaps of flesh with the lips which when his mouth is open will partially covers his upper teeth. His chin is strong his forehead excellently shaped and ears stand from the head. He may be a printer or he might be a school teacher. The only fault in his appearance is the shift furtive manner in which he uses his eyes. He would not be a notable in a crowd, and would be classed indifferently as a German Jew of some education. That he is pleased with the notoriety which he has gained is evident, but that he is a dreamy fanatic, and has gone over an anarchist literature, is also probable. Any study of his character must fail until some facts about him are brought out, and these are being eagerly sought. He has been photographed twice, taking the operation good naturedly enough and evidently trying to get a good picture.

If the republicans succeed we know what will follow. The Davenport force bill is still pending, and if Harrison is elected the republicans will claim, no matter what the issue may be at the north that the people have enforced the Davenport force bill, and they will proceed to pass it under whip and spur. This will be the result, and for that reason we should like to see such papers as the World give the force bill issue a little more prominence in the campaign. There is but one way for the south to defeat the force bill and that is to vote solidly for Cleveland. [Atlas to Constitution.]

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